THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1903.

Telephone Calls (Old and New),

Business Office....238 | Editorial Rooms....86

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY CARRIER—INDIANAPOLIS and SUBURBS.

Daily, Sunday included, 60 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.
Sunday, without daily, $2.60 per year.
Single copies: Daily, 2 cents; Sunday, 5 cents.

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Daily, Sunday included, per week, 15 cents.
Sunday, per issue, 5 cents.

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Indianapolis, Ind.

Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight-page or a twelve-page paper a 1-cent stamp; on a sixteen, twenty or twenty-four-page paper, a 2-cent stamp. Foreign postage is usually double these rates.

All communications intended for publication in this paper must, in order to receive attention, be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is inclosed for that purpose.

Entered as second-class matter at Indianapolis, Ind., postoffice.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL

Can be found at the following places:

NEW YORK—Astor House.

CHICAGO—Palmer House, Auditorium Annex Hotel, Dearborn Station News Stand.

CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley & Co., Arcade, Grand Hotel.

LOUISVILLE—C. T. Deering, northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets, and Bluefield Bros., 442 West Market street.

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DAYTON, O.—J. V. Wilkie, 39 South Jefferson street.

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The time to get what a city wants from a quasi-public corporation is when the franchise contract is made; not after it has acquired the rights it needs.

The situation at Marion is such that the city authorities should be prepared for trouble if it occurs. If there should be an outbreak after several days of tension there will be no excuse for the authorities not being prepared for it, and they should remember that the quickest way to suppress disorder is to nip it in the bud.

Voting for a Pope is attended with some drawbacks. To be sealed up for several days and nights in a little room without a modern convenience and to have one's food passed through a hole in the wall is a pretty strenuous experience for old men who have been accustomed to the comforts of life. Those who survive this campaign will hardly yearn for another.

The clique in control of the corner has forced raw cotton up to 15 cents bid with no offerings. The high price has caused the reshipment of cotton to New Orleans from Eastern mills, from Liverpool and from various other foreign ports, while it has also caused very many mills throughout this country and England to shut down. When it comes to disposing of the holdings of the clique it is not unlikely that its members will feel the pinch as severely as do the operatives that have been thrown out of employment.

The manufacturers and employers of Marion may be unreasonable in refusing to submit to arbitration the dispute between them and their employes, but they cannot be compelled to do so. They have a right to manage their business in their own way, and the authorities are bound to protect them in the exercise of this right. They are also bound to protect nonunion men in the exercise of their right to work without reference to the protests or demands of union men. The law is for the protection of all citizens alike.

The battle which occurred near Lawrence yesterday between two bodies of the Indiana National Guard was not due to accident, as the collision of friendly forces in the dark sometimes is. It might have been prevented, and yet with two considerable forces maneuvering at the same time in a limited area of country, both hunting for trouble, it was almost inevitable that they should come together. Perhaps the officers might have prevented the fight if they had tried, but they seem to have shared in the desire of the troops to meet and have it out. Both sides seem to have found foemen worthy of their steel. In his final report of the operations of the Union army at the close of the civil war General Grant said: "It has been my fortune to see the armies of both the West and East fight battles, and from what I have seen I know there is no difference in their fighting qualities." The report of yesterday's engagement might say there is no difference in the fighting qualities of Indiana troops, no matter what part of the State they come from.

There have been no disasters of importance to steamships and their passengers of late, recent dispatches have recorded but few accidents in burning buildings, and only an occasional accident to a passenger in an elevator is reported, but a great many railroad and trolley accidents have occurred recently, so many, indeed, that the man who owns an accident insurance policy containing a provision that he shall be paid double the sum specified in the clause under which the claim is made if he is hurt in any of the four ways mentioned, is likely to take his policy down and read over that "doubling" specification. And even after that, if he is an imaginative man, he will start out on his Sunday interurban pleasure trip with a degree of misgiving. Nevertheless, the insurance companies are safe in making such provision, for though an occasional accident happens—at times they seem more than "occasional"—the total number of persons injured on the transportation lines of the country is an extremely small percentage of the millions who travel. Because of precautions taken everywhere against fire, because of the constant watchfulness over the machinery of elevators and the great care taken to prevent railway accidents the insurance men know that the risks of accident are less in these directions than in the ordinary routine of life, and adjust their system of payments accordingly. But the layman who judges by appearances and not by cold statistics finds it difficult to accept such conclusions, though he is willing enough to profit by them when he gets banged up in a car that jumps the track.

THE POPE AND TEMPORAL POWER.

A dispatch from Rome says the impression prevails there that the next Pope, no matter who may be elected, will soon cease to consider himself a prisoner in the Vatican, but will, unlike Leo XIII, leave its precincts when necessary. This is probably true, and it will be practical recognition by the head of the church that the temporal dominion and power of the Pope can never be restored. His spiritual power will remain undisputed, but his temporal power, as exofficio head and ruler of the Papal States, is a thing of the past. That claim dates back considerably more than a thousand years, and more than once while it was recognized the ruling Pope led powerful armies and made effective warfare. The Pope's dominion over the Papal States, including the city of Rome, continued to be recognized until about 1867, when the contest began between the Italian government and the Pope, which was to end in the abolition of the latter's temporal power. This controversy continued during the reign of Pius IX. One of his last acts was the issuing of an allocution in which he reviewed the condition of the papacy since the occupation of Rome by the Italian government and denounced it for "riding roughshod over every right, human and divine." Leo XIII inherited this controversy in its full bitterness, and from the beginning of his reign he chose to regard himself as a prisoner in the Vatican. In his first encyclical, issued in April, 1878, he protested against "the violation of the rights belonging to the Roman Church, and dwelt on the outrages perpetrated by the Italian government. In an apostolic letter issued in 1881 he referred to the humiliating position of the head of the church in Rome, "a mere shadow of royal power being left him as though in mockery," while "he is truly more in the power of his enemies than of his own." Within the Vatican the Pope was still supreme, as he was throughout the world as the head of the church, but the abolition of his temporal power had been asserted and accomplished by the Italian government as a political necessity and indispensable to progress. It was necessary to the unification of Italy and to enabling it to take its place among the powers. Leo XIII adhered persistently to the position that he was a prisoner in the Vatican, although he could have traveled around the world and visited the churches in all lands if he had chosen to do so. His entire reign was a protest against what he deemed the great wrong done the church in depriving its head of temporal power, and while he was not really a prisoner in the Vatican he made himself so. It may be doubted if he accomplished anything by his course in this regard. True, he kept alive, and made a daily and hourly record of his protest against the treatment of the papacy by the Italian government, but there is no reason to believe that he accomplished anything in the way of winning recognition for the papal claim of temporal power. As recognition of that claim would be fatal to United Italy it can never come except through revolution and war, and war in Italy would be more likely to result in a republic or an advance of liberalism than in the restoration of the medieval idea of the temporal power of the Pope. A much wiser policy for the church would be to abandon the idea altogether and establish a close and friendly alliance with the Italian government. The suggestion that the next Pope will not act as if he were a prisoner in the Vatican seems to imply that he may accept the inevitable by abandoning a claim which Leo XIII maintained during his entire reign without accomplishing any practical results whatever.

A NOVEL WORTH READING.

James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Mettle of the Pasture," is, like those that have preceded it, a study of life, a psychological history of a group of men and women. If there is a moral each reader must draw it for himself—and there is room for disagreement. The most obvious lesson that presents itself to the worldly-minded—perhaps they would prefer to call themselves the possessors of common sense—is the unwisdom of voluntary confession by a man of a fault or a sin, especially a certain variety of sin, to the woman he wants to marry. Mr. Allen's hero ("hero" seems hardly the word; "leading man" is better) makes love to a girl of high character and lofty ideals, and after winning her affection and becoming engaged to her feels impelled by his conscience and a sense of duty to confess to her an escapade of his college days wherein he had become the father of an illegitimate child. He had proffered marriage to the child's mother, but she being of another social class, had refused, and later had written that the infant had been adopted by a good family, that she was married to a man who knew nothing of her past, and begged her former lover to keep her secret. The worldly sensible person before alluded to would argue that the man owed the debt of silence to the girl, since the secret was hers as well as his, and that since it was a "closed incident," as diplomats would say, so far as such an event can be so in a life, it should not have been re-opened to mar the happiness of an innocent person, to say nothing of making matters needlessly unpleasant to himself. This is the obvious, the logical conclusion and probably the one to be reached and acted on by the average man in like case.

This, however, does not prove that the argument is sound or the average man right in keeping silence under the circumstances described. Mr. Allen's lover, high-minded, sensitive and conscientious, in spite of his youthful lapse from virtue, reasoned that the woman he expected to marry had a right to know his past, whatever it might be; he could not lie to her even by silence, so he spoke. That his attitude was thoroughly masculine in spite of his deviation from the common rule of concealment is shown by the fact of his absolute surprise when his sweetheart cast him off and steadily refused to forgive him. He had felt confession to be her due, but had never doubted that she would consent to pardon the offense. He had contemplated the case of the other girl deceiving her husband by marrying without telling her secret, and the view was so unpleasing to his sense of honesty that he could not follow her example. But he expected to be forgiven. Plainly, he did not consider the affair from all sides—what his own course would have been, for instance, had this sweetheart, so refined, so gentle, of such fine quality, come to him with a story about herself like his own. He would not have married her, but he had never considered that her ideals about himself were as high as his concerning her, or her self-respect as great as his own—and the discovery was a crushing blow.

This girl who finds her lover's fault as fatal as he would have found the same fault in her, is perhaps as exceptional as the man he portrays. The average girl would have been equally shocked, but would have reached forgiveness sooner—though she lowered herself in so doing. Nevertheless, Mr. Allen sets forth the position of the woman with much force. He makes his heroine say: "Cannot you see them standing all through history, the sad figures of girls who have only asked for what they gave, love in its purity and its singleness—have only asked that there should have been no other before them? And cannot you see what a girl feels when she consents to accept anything less—that she is lowered to herself from that time on—has lost her own ideal of herself, as well as her ideal of the man she loves. And cannot you see how she lowers herself in his eyes also and ceases to be his ideal, through her willingness to live with him on a lower plane? That is our wound. That is our trouble and our sorrow."

Mr. Allen's book does not leave this old problem any more nearly settled than before, but he presents it in a way that will cause discussion and may arouse what he calls American mettle—the "mettle of the pasture"—which is the courage of a man's convictions and honesty. "We lie in business," says one in his book, "and we lie in religion, and we lie to women. Perhaps if a man stopped lying to a woman, by and by he might begin to stop lying for money and at last stop lying with his Maker."

WILD TURKEYS AND WILD PIGEONS.

A recent work on American game fowl and birds mentions wild turkeys and wild pigeons among others which, once very abundant, have become almost extinct. Indiana was included in the original habitat of the wild turkey, and great numbers of them were trapped or killed by the early settlers. There is a gentleman now living in this city who has killed wild turkeys within the present city limits, but that was a long time ago. A few are still found in the hilly and wooded counties of southern Indiana, but they are exceedingly scarce and will soon be extinct. The wild turkey has been pronounced the largest and finest game bird in the world, and it is indigenous to the western hemisphere alone. The early settlers had a way of decoying them into a large pen constructed of rails piled closely together and roofed over at the top. A trail of corn led the turkeys into the pen by a sort of ditch dug under the lower rail, and once inside the pen, they looked above for a means of escape without trying to get out by the same hole they came in at. They were formerly very abundant in the West and Southwest. Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") describes one of his experiences: "While at this camp we had a lively turkey hunt. The trees along the bank of the stream were literally alive with wild turkeys, and after unsaddling the horses, between two and three hundred soldiers surrounded a grove of timber and had a grand turkey round-up, killing four or five hundred of the birds with guns, clubs and stones. After this we had turkey in every style—roast turkey, boiled turkey, fried turkey, 'turkey on toast' and so on. We called this place 'Camp Turkey.'" A resident of this city who herded cattle on the plains back in the fifties says the finest meat he ever ate was that of a big wild turkey which had fattened on nuts and which was roasted with its feathers on after being encased in clay and buried in a bed of live coals. When taken out the feathers and skin came off together and the meat, cooked in its own juice, remained. There are many old persons living in Indiana who recall the time when wild turkeys were very abundant and easily trapped or killed, but they are almost extinct, and in a little while there will not be one left in the State. They will have gone the way of the prairie chickens which were once so numerous that they could be killed by the cartload.

Much has been said about the disappearance of the wild pigeons, but it is not remarkable when one remembers how they were wantonly slaughtered and how long it was before they had any legal protection. The stories of wild pigeon flights and roosts in early times are almost incredible, yet there are many persons still living who can vouch for them. One writer says: "I have seen wild pigeons so numerous for days at a time that they literally reached from horizon to horizon, like clouds in the sky, and cast similar shadows on the earth." Audubon, an early ornithologist, writes:

> In the autumn of 1813 I left my home at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the barrens, a few miles beyond Hardinsburg, I observed the pigeons flying down northeast to southwest in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen before. I traveled on and still met more the further I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons. The light of the noonday was obscured by an eclipse. Before sunset I had traversed fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers and continued to do so for three days in succession.

In early times it was no uncommon thing to see such flocks as this, and many persons still living have seen some approaching it. Old residents of Indianapolis can remember seeing wild pigeons fly over the city by millions. A "pigeon roost," or what ought to be called a camping ground, was a great curiosity. It sometimes embraced many square miles of forest, and the birds would congregate in such numbers as to break off large branches and even break down trees of considerable size. Persons came from long distances and camped under the roosting place where, night after night, the birds were killed by hundreds of thousands with guns, long poles and clubs. Large droves of hogs were driven many miles to be fattened on them. Big fires were built on the ground and the birds were roasted by thousands, while other thousands were packed in salt and carried away in wagons. But all that were killed and carried away or left for hogs to eat seemed to make no impression whatever on the numbers. The flocks seemed just as large after the slaughter as before.

What has become of these millions and hundreds of millions of wild pigeons? Gone, all gone. Their fate has been that of the wild turkey, the prarie chicken and other game birds. They have been pursued, slaughtered, driven from one haunt to another, their nesting and breeding places destroyed and their existence made miserable until they have disappeared. In the whole United States it is practically an extinct bird, or so nearly so that it is safe to say that no person who reads this article will ever see one, though a generation or two ago they frequented the forests and darkened the skies by millions. Having exterminated the game birds, we are now engaged in trying to exterminate the fishes, and with the aid of strawboard factories, dynamite and other appliances, we are likely to succeed.

DRESS AND DISCOMFORT.

Not the least of the drawbacks of civilization is the character of clothing that civilized convention requires the man person to wear during the heated months. Womankind usually dresses somewhat more sensibly, but even she finds stays and like abominations a great burden in midsummer. One never heard of savages suffering from heat prostration, nor do we get reports of country boys being similarly affected.

Man, particularly if he be over thirty, is disposed to be ultra conservative in the matter of clothing. He likes to wear one suit of clothing four or five months, and then put on another and wear it a similar length of time, and so on. When the hot months come he may make the concession of leaving off his waistcoat, but that is usually as far as he goes for street wear. He will wear a somewhat lighter suit of underwear in summer than in winter, but this and the divested waistcoat are practically the only differentiation made in the character of clothing that is expected to serve for the chill months of spring and the roasting days of midsummer. Stiff linen collars, heavy linen cuffs, a coat and not infrequently a stiff hat are clung to like grim death for the most ordinary street wear, while if the occasion be any sort of function men are as likely as not to wear heavy frock coats, waistcoats and a whole raft of unnecessary clothing.

When the "shirtwaist" fad came in a few years ago it looked for a time as if men might give up the foolishness of coats in midsummer, but the few that were bold enough to leave them off were laughed at, and, whether it was the fear of ridicule or the lack of pockets that determined the question, the uncomfortable fact remains that custom very shortly returned to the decree that no man must appear in public without a coat. And thus he goes on sweltering and swearing at the weather.

VALUE OF ORGANIZED CHARITY.

It is not surprising that the Volunteers of America should find so few crippled and invalid poor children to attend the outing picnic arranged for them last week. One of the officers in charge expressed the belief that practically all the needy invalid children of Indianapolis were taken care of by the Flower Mission, the Fresh Air Mission and other charitable institutions, and in this belief he was undoubtedly correct.

And what volumes this speaks for the progress of civilization in Indianapolis! Here is a city of 200,000 people, in which an effort to search out invalid and crippled children in need of an outing discovers less than ten! In systematically organized charity Indianapolis was the pioneer city of the country, and it may be doubted if any other city in the world takes care of its own so well as this. Here was the first fight made against indiscriminate giving and encouragement of mendicancy, and here was the first intelligent and systematic effort made to so organize the charitable efforts of the people that no worthy case of need should go unrelieved and no case of fraudulent demand be complied with. Perfection, of course, has not been reached, but the people have been educated up to the point of sending practically all they give in charity to the regularly constituted agencies and referring to these agencies all demands for help. The net result is the reduction of professional and fraudulent mendicancy to almost nothing, and such thorough work in helping the worthy that a new and independent organization, with the best intentions in the world, can find practically nobody to help!

INDIVIDUAL AND ORGANIZATION.

The "revelations" that are developing concerning the methods of conducting work in the government printing office are not news at all to anybody connected with the printing trades, either as workman or employer. They have known perfectly well that with the additional "pull" given by the political nature of the institution the unions of the allied printing trades have merely gone a little further there than they have been able to go in private establishments, the only material difference being that they have been able to shut the typesetting machines and some other labor-saving devices out of the government institution, which they have not been able to bar from private plants, except in some isolated instances where peculiar conditions prevail. So well organized are the printing trades-unions and so intelligent are they in their efforts to get the best of the bargain all around and so sensitive is the average printing house to adverse public criticism that this was among the first of the trades to discover the necessity of an employers' organization to deal with labor, and the Typotheta, with local branches in every considerable center of the trade, has been in existence a number of years. Thus the owner of the average city printing house has become so hedged about with organizations of various kinds that he long ago gave up any notion of being a free agent.

There is, of course, a basic necessity for both kinds of organizations, or they would not continue to exist, but some of the details of rules and regulations that both workman and employer occasionally bump into are a bit wearing on nerves and morals, to say the least. A couple of instances of recent local occurrence will suffice to illustrate. Some months ago a local house was badly in need of a pressman to look after a couple of cylinder presses, a job that paid $17.40 per week. It had a very bright and capable young pressman, running job presses at $14 per week, whom it desired to advance to the better position. He was a member of the Press Feeders' Union. To take the better job he must get a permit from the Pressmen's Union, hold the job three months and then gain admission to the Pressmen's Union. He called on the executive committee of the Pressmen's Union, but the permit was declined on the ground that there were three or four of the members of the Union without work, who must be provided for before any new ones could be put in train for admission. As a matter of fact these unemployed members were drunkards and incompetents, unable to hold any job for long. One after another has since been sent to the printing house in question and none of them has succeeded in doing the work satisfactorily. The house is suffering for the right kind of a workman, and the young man, entirely capable, sober and ambitious, is still held on job presses at $14 per week.

In the other instance, it was one of the rules of the Employers' Association that caused the hardship. One of the most capable pressmen of the city had a disagreement with his employer and quit. The association rule provides that where a workman leaves the employ of a member without obtaining a discharge slip no other member may employ him within six months—a rule designed to prevent competition among employers for high-grade men. Another house in the association was very anxious to employ him and held a position open for the required six months. Whether it secretly put him on full or part pay during the half year of enforced idleness there is no means of knowing, but he was not the kind of man to sit and hold his hands for nothing.

In both these cases the hardship is caused by rules that seek to reverse the natural laws of industry, and wherever that is attempted somebody gets hurt—and the pity of it is that the person hurt is not usually the one that deserves it.

A PROFESSIONAL "LITTLE SUNSHINE."

A woman in New York advertises her desire to serve—for a consideration—lonely and sad persons of the metropolis in the capacity of "sunshine companion." Her duties consist of disseminating as much sunshine and cheerfulness as her subject's particular temperament will take in. She is a native of California, and argues ingeniously and ingenuously that the famous climate of that State is responsible for her choice of a profession. She has absorbed from that climate, she thinks, so much sunshine that it has affected her mental attitude so that she is perpetually cheerful and optimistic. When she visits any one she "takes," as she says, "a stock of sunshine along, and talks and thinks only of the brightest and most agreeable things."

There may be those who, at first thought, will regard the possibility of securing a cheerful companion for a certain sum per day an agreeable prospect, but a trial will probably dispel such a notion. The fault, too, may be entirely their own, and not that of the amiable possessor of bottled sunshine. It is, for instance, a common peculiarity of persons not perpetually cheerful to resent the attitude of members of their own family and of their friends who ostentatiously preserve a gay and lively demeanor under all circumstances. Nothing is more irritating to the serious-minded than the persistent smiler; nothing so maddening to the melancholy as the friend who is forever on the grin over nothing in particular. That a professional smiler can be more inspiriting than the mere amateur or volunteer is improbable. On the contrary, the reflection, which will inevitably obtrude, that the "companion" is grinning at so much per grin and is doing the cheering act at so much per joke is likely to tend toward crime. Really, it seems probable that this misguided California lady is taking her life in her hands when she engages in this enterprise. It would be much safer for her to advise melancholy New Yorkers to go to California and absorb sunshine into their systems at first hand before trying the canned variety.

JUSTICE FOR THE UNDERSIZED.

Undersized folk, both men and women, will hail with joy the determination of the Union-made Garment Makers' Association of Chicago to adjust prices to accord with the size of the garment. Thus, a man weighing 130 pounds might be able to buy a suit of clothes for $10, while a man who would measure 250 pounds on the scales would be charged $15. It has long been a grievance of the little people that they must pay as much for their garments as do the overgrown specimens of humanity. It costs the slim, five-foot man as much for trousers fitted to his little legs as the obese six-footer has to pay for the vast bags that cover his lower limbs, and until now there has been no prospect of relief. Always the midget who protests has been told that there is as much work on a small suit of clothes as on a large one, and though he is privately convinced that there cannot possibly be as many stitches in the short trousers as in the long ones, or in his own trim little garment as in the voluminous coat of the fat man, he is helpless in the matter. Nor has his argument that there is not as much cloth in a little coat as a big one, and that therefore the price ought to be less, ever had any recognition until now. Somewhere among the powers that be of the Garment Makers' Association it is plain that there is a little man who has felt the impositions of the tailor shop and has determined to work a reform for the sake of his kind. It is a triumph for them, and yet it is only justice. Most small men find their diminutive size a trial and would prefer to be tall; but, since they are as they are, it is only proper that they should have whatever benefits are due to the five-footer.

Women, it is true, are not included among the beneficiaries of the Garment Makers' Association, but with such a precedent reform may be expected on their side, too. It is a source of great exasperation to the woman who measures four feet eight inches to be compelled to pay the same price for a tailor gown that her 200 pound neighbor pays for hers, and with little men getting a pecuniary advantage because of their size it is not to be expected that little women—who, of all their sex, are most determined and self-reliant—will long permit the time-honored impositions of dressmakers to continue. Little women, little prices, will be their motto from now on.

From the Boston Transcript comes this literary item:

> Truth is sometimes funnier than fiction, and people who order books from publishers do some very funny things, so funny that they do not sound true. Harper & Brothers received an order the other day for some copies of a book entitled "A Vacation in a Buggy." The order clerk was puzzled, as no such title is on the firm's list. He filled the order on a venture by sending Mr. Bayne's "On an Irish Jaunting Car through Donegal and Connemara," it proved to be the book that was wanted!
>
> The funniest part of this funny story—"so funny that it does not sound true"—is that Maria Louise Pool, of New England, published a book some years ago entitled "A Vacation in a Buggy." Evidently Harper & Brothers and the literary editor of the Boston Transcript had not heard of it.

Mr. Joseph Folk, prosecutor of boodlers, is billed as an attraction at an old settlers' reunion in a Missouri town, together with a baby show and a wedding on the grand stand. This is popularity, indeed.

Connecticut, with her wooden nutmegs, will have to take a back seat. Pennsylvania has the center of the stage with green tomatoes painted red.

Mr. Schwab may be a bit slow in resigning the presidency of the steel corporation, but very few men would hurry to give up a million-dollar job.

THE HUMORISTS.

Easily Attained.

New York Weekly.

Moldy Mike—Dis yeer paper says ther secret of aristercratic appearance is the repose of manner.

Wearie William—Dat's me.

Much Depends.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Joey—Yes, Pietro; in whist playing a good deal depends on your luck.

Pietro—Quite so. And your luck depends on a good deal, hey?

Easy Mark.

Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Buttercup—I don't think this tie you bought me is quite up to the mark.

Mrs. Buttercup—Oh, Thomas, don't say that! It was marked only 20 cents.

A Victim.

Judge.

"I see that the superintendent of a cooking school has had to retire on account of her health."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Dyspepsia."

She Took Him Up.

Chicago Evening Post.

The call had become tedious.

"I really must go," he said.

"Oh, you men are such deceivers," she returned, coyly. "I wish we girls could believe all you say."

Dearer.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Hunnimune—And do you really love me as much as you did?

Mr. Hunnimune—Of course.

Mrs. Hunnimune—Am I dearer to you than ever?

Mr. Hunnimune—Sure. Everything is dearer nowadays.

A Slight Drawback.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, it's a pleasure to see her eat corn off the cob. Her teeth are so white and even and her lips are so full of red, and she has the cunningest pose. But there was one thing I didn't like about it."

What was that?"

"It took five ears to satisfy her."

Vanity.

Washington Star.

"I don't quite understand," said the suburbanite, mildly, "why you prefer 6 o'clock in the morning as an hour for mowing the lawn."

"It's my confounded personal vanity," said his neighbor, apologetically. "When I get up at 6 o'clock in the morning I'm so proud of it that I want the whole neighborhood to know it."

Only Way to Do It.

Judge.

This fair young thing is telling about how happy she was when she saw her brother's baseball team win the intercollegiate game.

"Oh," she gurgles, "I was so delighted that I just hugged myself for joy!"

Here the grave professor of psychology looks up, with an air of interest.

"Hugged yourself?" he asks. "Indeed, you must have been quite beside yourself to do that!"

Sidelights on History.

Chicago Tribune.

Jacob and Rachel were having their first quarrel.

"Do you think, madam," roared Jacob, "I would have served your old father fourteen years for you if I had known what a temper you've got?"

"Do you think, sir," snapped Rachel, "that if I had known what a narrow, jealous, fault-finding man you are I would have waited all those years for you, when I could have had my pick of all the young men in the township?"

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The wine supplied to Pope Leo in his last illness was said to be 250 years old and practically priceless.

It is claimed that a particle of radium inclosed in a leaden box an inch in thickness will emit rays of light which are plainly visible to any person who looks upon the box.

Geronimo and a dozen of his Apache warriors have joined the Methodist Church at Fort Sill, I. T., having been baptized in the presence of a large crowd of Indians and whites.

Some of the present Astor millions had their origin in the Bowery, New York. William B. Astor's Uncle Henry, a celebrated butcher of that famous thoroughfare, left him his accumulations of a lifetime—about $500,000. This, well invested in 1846 or thereabouts, had much to do with building up the vast Astor estate.

An Italian authority finds that when hens are fed on food containing a large percentage of iron the eggs also reveal the presence of iron in the very digestible form of the albuminate. Such eggs exert a tonic effect on persons who eat them. The case illustrates the fact that all eggs are not alike by any means, and that, according to the food fed, they may vary greatly in dietic value and effect.

W. E. Corey, the new acting head of the United States Steel Corporation, is thirty-seven years old. He was born at Braddock, Pa. His father, a retired coal merchant, is living. Unlike his predecessor, Mr. Schwab, he is a college-bred man and began work in the laboratory of the Carnegie Steel Company. He is a baseball "crank," and says he won't miss a good game if he is anywhere near one.

Dr. H. G. Wells, in the issue of American Medicine of June 13, states that every wound caused by blank cartridges should be treated as dangerous, on the theory that tetanus (lockjaw) germs may be lurking in the wound. In injuries of the palm the patient should be anaesthetized, the wound thoroughly cleansed and then cauterized. He also urges the use of antitoxin in every case in which tetanus develops.

Ex-Governor Boies is now living in retirement and shows no inclination to figure again in public affairs. He is living on his large farm near Eldora, Ia., where the former popular idol of the Iowa Democracy lives in ease and comfort the life of a farmer. His farm consists of 1,500 acres and is in a fine state of cultivation. He has aged rapidly since the death of his son. A valuation of $500,000 has been placed on his farm.

Nowhere is the woman doctor more in evidence than in Russia. Among the wild and scattered population of this immense country there is an inexhaustible field for women as doctors and teachers, and it is the knowledge of this fact which has disarmed the opposition to their going through universities. In 1897 Russia had 967 women doctors, and the number constantly increases. In this profession Russian women have made a distinguished name. They have enormous practices in the great towns, and are largely employed by the municipalities.

Five thousand dollars is a big price to offer for one flea, but that is the amount positively offered by the Hon. Charles Rothschild, of England, for one of those bothersome insects. Mr. Rothschild needs a polar flea to complete his collection of these insects, and the $5,000 will be paid over to the person who brings him a flea from the back of an arctic fox. The flea of the arctic fox is to flea fanciers what the egg of the great auk is to the collector of birds' eggs. Mr. Rothschild has fitted out a whaler, which is now in the far north, to look for this flea, among other arctic curiosities.

"Twice a year, on April 23 and Oct. 26," writes a young Bulgarian woman living in Sofia, "our streets are full of servants, and people bargain with them for service. During the winter season they are very cheap, as the peasants send all their girls to the city to be hired, they having no work for them at home. The price paid differs; one can get a girl for her board, or pay up to 20 lusor (4) a month for one who cooks, washes and irons. Girls are often thankful to enter a good family for their board. For the men there is very little work, and the papers are full of suicides on account, during the dull seasons, of starvation."

A bit of inside history concerning Bismarck appears in Harper's Magazine, written by Henri De Blowitz, the late world-famous correspondent of the London Times. M. De Blowitz has told the real facts regarding Bismarck's wrath when he found that his resignation was actually accepted by the young Emperor William. The feelings of Princess Bismarck were also so irritated that when a portrait of the Kaiser arrived as a souvenir of the Emperor to Bismarck she said: "Let it be taken to Friedrichsruhe and placed in the stable." M. De Blowitz recounts how he came into possession of these and other notable facts relative to the Iron Chancellor, and how a journalist of position frequently finds himself between the upper and nether millstone in diplomatic affairs.

TEXAS IS GOING DRY.

Saloons Are Losing in All but the Border Counties.

Hartford Courant.

"There are gains for all our losses," sang the poet. The Prohibitionists have had losses—and pretty serious ones—in this corner of the country, but just look at the gains they are making in the Southwest. The specially interesting fact about these gains—though thus far your political Prohibitionist gets mad at once if you try to call his attention to it—is that they are made under local option.

Take the two States of Mississippi and Texas. In Mississippi the only counties in which the sale of liquor over the saloon bar is still a legal business are the few that have cities in them. All the others are now as "dry" as law, with public sentiment, can make them. We think it will be an unwise and harmful policy on the part of rural Mississippi to force prohibition upon the cities against their will, but all the signs indicate that rural Mississippi means to do just that thing, and at no distant day.

What is the present situation in Texas—a commonwealth whose 246 counties make Connecticut's eight look a very tiny flock indeed? In fifty-seven of the Texas counties—mostly on the border or up in the sparsely settled "panhandle" region—men who have the price and are not too far from a saloon can get their red liquor openly and unafraid. Frontier conditions and ideas still prevail. In fifty-nine counties the sale is legalized in the cities and larger towns, and prohibited outside them. In 130 counties it is prohibited altogether. Three big counties—Williamson, Hunt and Falls—have voted the saloons out within a month. Half a dozen counties will vote on the question, under local option, within the next month. The saloon men are putting up a stiff fight, but the odds are against them. To the Chicago Record-Herald a correspondent writes from Dallas:

> "The Prohibitionists within the Democratic party are organizing a campaign to elect a prohibition majority in the Legislature to be chosen next year, in order that an absolute prohibition amendment to the State Constitution may be submitted to a vote of the people of the State in a special election in 1905. Governor Lanham is a strong prohibitionist, and is being looked to to help the movement along."

Why have the farmers of these two States, and of other States of the South, improved the opportunity given them by the local option law to shut up the whisky shops and drive out the whisky-sellers? In self-defense, for the protection of their homes. Because the countryside is exceptionally happy and fortunate that does not have its quota of ignorant, vicious loafers—white and black—who need watching when sober and are devils unchained when drunk. It would be breath wasted to preach temperance and sober self-restraint to them. The Southern farmers have taken the only practical course in the circumstances. They have done what they can to take the whisky away from the dangerous classes in the community—white and black alike—and to keep it away. That is common prudence and common sense. Forced, unwilling abstinence from strong drink may not be the ideal thing; it isn't. But the Southern farmers have judged that at the worst it is vastly better for a farmhouse county than drink-madness, hideous felony and murder.

GRANT'S ORDER STANDS.

Overthrow of an Effort at Political Dictation of the Army.

New York Press.

It would have been a sorry day for the army of the United States and for the efficiency and dignity of all federal authority if political influence had been permitted by the War Department and President Roosevelt to punish Gen. Frederick D. Grant, as it attempted to do, for his severe strictures on conditions in the town of Brackettville, Tex. There is an army post, Fort Clark, at Brackettville, and in a general court-martial order General Grant, as the commanding officer of the Department of Texas, reflected severely upon the dives near Fort Clark, which have a demoralizing influence on the troops there. Of course, there was a political element in Brackettville which took it upon itself to "call down" General Grant, for his criticism of some of its constituents, and a demand was promptly made upon the secretary of war and the President that General Grant be called to account for his opinion expressed and published in his general court-martial order.

One need not have a large admiration for the military attainments of General Grant to appreciate the importance to the service of not permitting politicians, or any outside influence, to determine the powers of a commanding officer over his own soldiers and over officers touching their discipline and morale. We have had Women's Christian Temperance Unions deciding for the army that it must not maintain "canteens" to keep the enlisted men out of the clutches of the keepers of dives and brothels. It would have been the last straw to have political heelers determining that a commanding officer must write his court-martial orders so as not to reflect upon those dives and brothels so well served by the first-named interference. Fortunately, however, the War Department and the President have decided that General Grant's action is not subject to review, and that, so far as the War Department is concerned, the matter is ended. So General Grant's order stands, political influence to the contrary notwithstanding.

This is only one more notice from the present administration to the political bosses and jobbers who have constituted themselves a privileged ruling class over all members of all branches of the government service that they must keep their hands off the government's business.

Approval of the Pope's Physicians.

American Medicine.

Drs. Lapponi and Mazzoni have been criticised for not having discovered the existence of pleural effusion earlier than they did. It is easy for those that do not know the difficulties attending the diagnosis of pleurisy to condemn these two most competent physicians; but anyone that has had experience with pleural effusion knows that it sometimes simulates pneumonia so closely that it is almost impossible to differentiate it from the latter without recourse to exploratory puncture. When the two affections are combined, and both are atypical, as they would naturally be in a feeble man of Pope Leo's advanced age, the diagnostic difficulties are exceedingly great. Under the circumstances, we feel that high credit is due to the Pope's physicians for their skill in managing their case in sight of the whole world. We may add that it is only just to record commendation of the reasonably scientific reports that have come from the Vatican during the illness of Pope Leo. The accounts were interesting and instructive to the medical, as well as for the lay reader. The physicians spoke frankly, and did not seem to desire to surround the case with impenetrable secrecy. Such details as were given bore the stamp of medical authority and gave proof of having been cabled by journalists of more than average conscientiousness and ability.

Dealing with a Door.

Baltimore American.

The door in Manchuria is to be opened. It would be just as well to take it off its hinges and hang up a Japanese portiere to prevent further misunderstanding on the subject.